

... THE ...  
STORY TELLING MACHINE.

VI.  
Dissatisfied with the efforts of his story-telling machine, the little old man, who looking for the Good Times were used to have, tells the children a story himself. It is about a red flannel night cap which was given to him by his fairy godmother. With this night cap on his head the lucky mortal could foresee danger and foretell events. The little old man wears it with immediate results.

"I can't fin' him; I dunner wharabouts ter look," said Drusilla sadly.

"Then hold your tongue!" Buster John commanded.

If Wally Wanderoon heard this conversation he paid no attention to it. He kept on looking at the star and rubbing his chin. Finally he turned to the children.

"I was trying to think," he said, "what to tell you first, and I have decided that my adventures with my enemy will amuse you, for in spite of all I could do, they turned out to be about as ridiculous as anything." He then began to tell them the story, and he seemed to be serious enough at the time. "I could tell you a hundred tales about that red flannel night cap, and I may tell that fifty or sixty now, but the rest will have to be postponed until some other time." But the fifty or sixty that Drusilla told him "fo' dinner?" inquired Propose with

virtue of my somewhat greater confidence in myself. I was not afraid now to go to the village, and, in fact, I would not have been afraid to go to the largest village in the world, had I not been so much in the company of my friends. I was, however, for the first time, in the company of strangers. One reason was my short stature. I knew very well that those who were taller than I was, and who were more of their figure were inclined to make sport of me for an affliction. If you call it so, which I couldn't help, and then thought of the fact that I was shorter than most of the people I met, I was inclined to wish many and many a time that I might never see a human face. I mean the face of a stranger.

"But, somehow or other, I was not afraid of my feelings, and so when my mother asked me if I was afraid to go to town for her, I answered, very bravely, that I would be glad to go. So she and I went along the road, whistling a merry tune, for I felt happy. I wore the red flannel night cap under my cloth hat, and kept my eyes fast

He paid little attention to him, for he was talking it seemed to me, to the crowd he could see the town to which we were all going. More than that, I could see the very carriage that was standing by my side. It drove into the inn and the portillon could dismount to untasten the door, several men rushed from a rear room in the inn, overpowered the gentleman and made off with the ladies. I saw all this in the twinkling of an eye. My children said I was so taken up with the strange scene that the gentleman's words sounded as if they came from a long way off. I heard and understood, but it seemed as if I were in the inn yard and not in the carriage. I felt myself when I came to myself and found the gentleman's hand on my shoulder.

"I turned to him and said: 'Is there any reason, sir, why the gentleman should seize the ladies in the coach and do injury to you?'

"Why—but why do you ask?" If the gentleman had glanced in the direction of the driver, as he spoke to me, he would have had cause for suspicion, for the coachman's face was white, and his knees trembled under him. Being young and unsuspicious then, I had no idea what the trouble was, but I knew now that he was in the plot, and the gentleman would have known it, too, if he had not guessed it. "What is the matter?" his attention was taken up with me. "Why do you ask such a strange question?" he repeated.

"I can only tell you this," I replied, "when you reach the inn at which you

"I could only tell him the plain truth—that I had seemed to see the attack on him and the ladies take place right before my eyes while he was talking to me, and that I felt it to be my duty to tell him about it."

I seemed to be stoutly denying the charge.

"I took this for another warning," I made the most of it. I turned aside from the road, tied the donkey to a thick growth of shrubbery and entered the town by a gate nearly opposite to the one that opened on the road by which I had come. Once there, I made haste to procure the article for which I had been sent, and in a short time I was on my way home again.

The next day there was a knocking at our door, and, as such an event occurred but seldom, I may imagine what a sensation it caused around that humble fireside. I ran to the door to open it, and in the somewhat tall and battered-looking man who stood there I recognized the person, who, the day before, was driving the gentleman's coach. He had been painfully wounded about the head



**YOUNG GIRLS WIN**

Misses Gladys Mand and Miriam Mand, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Coleman, of the city, were the winners of the contest. They were both tender ages of six and ten years, and their work was marked by remarkable ease and accuracy.

"He desired, he said, to hold a conversation with me, declaring that although I had been the cause of his ruin, he bore me no ill-will. 'What has happened to you?' I asked. Instead of reply- ing briefly, he went into a long narrative of his life. He had been very poor, when he was a young man he fell in with bad companions, who, in the day- time were robbers and at night burglars. He saw an opportunity to secure

him. He felt compelled to enter into their scheme, he said, for he knew that if he refused to aid his patron, to whom he was under many obligations, he was to take no part in the attack, but was to stand by, pretending to be afraid while they carried out their plot. Then came the moment, when he felt that the time had come when he was about to occur, so that when the coach drew up in the courtyard of the Inn the gentleman was prepared for the attack, and, being a cunning swordsmen, had run three of them through the heart, and the others, fearing a like fate for themselves, turned tail and fled.


"But they were apt so frightened that they failed to seek the coachman out. They were so sure that he had betrayed them, that they went boldly to the servants' apartments at the Inn and made inquiries for him. He felt compelled to show himself, and when he followed them into the courtyard they had raised him and taken him to the prison. He was in the inn most unmercifully, so he said, and were on the point of killing him, when he implored them to stay their hands until he could have an opportunity of proving that he had not betrayed them. To his view, he had come to me for both information and advice.



should go with him to the towns and assure his old companions that he had not betrayed them.

"Well, this struck me as a pretty good proposition. I had left my red flannel night cap under my pillow that morning, and so before accepting or refusing the invitation I thought it would be well to place it on my head under my hat. I examined my night's moment and when I came back I knew that the best thing I could do would be to pretend to fall in with his plans, for, looking from under the red flannel night cap, I saw that all the companions of this man were stationed in a wood not far away, and were ready to pounce out and capture me if the fellow could produce my coat and hat.

"I also saw that a party of constables, accompanied by the gentlemen who had been attacked in the coach, were setting out from the city, with the in-



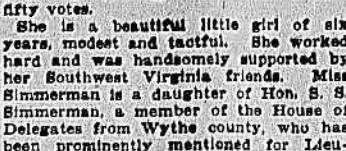
**NO SHOOT WELL.**

am Burford Coleman, little daughter of New Kent county, who at the handle and shoot a rifle with re-

tion of capturing these animals at least I supposed that such was their intention.

With the purpose of astonishing the hunter, who had been playing the coachman, asked him why he told me that his companions were awaiting him in the town, when, in fact, they were concealed in some distance outside of town. His fall at this, and he quickly asked how I knew that this was so. 'I know it,' said I, 'in the same way that I knew what your fellows would have done if I had entered the town by the south highway yesterday. If you are a coach-

Mary Curtis Lee in the name of the handsome doll which brought one hundred and eighteen dollars at the fair for the benefit of the Confederate Woman's Home. It was donated by Mrs. A. J. Montague and named for the president of the Home.



tenant-Governor, Mr. Zimmerman is a rich farmer and grader who owns large mineral interests in the Southwest. He is one of the most popular and useful members of the House.

"I am conjurer enough to know that this is a very good thing for you that you come here, for in the course of half an hour, your fellows will be in the hands of the officers of the law. They have already set out from the town, and as your ruffians are only trying to conceal themselves from those who pass along the road, this treason, this will be a great surprise by the posse that is searching for them.

"Are you a wizard?" exclaimed the man. "If you are, I ask ten thousand dollars."

[illegible]

ently he rose in the air with something in his beak, and I immediately recognized my red flannel night cap. It was almost too heavy for me to carry, but I followed him till he lit on a smaller tree, and when he started to fly again I clasped my hands and shouted, "This frightened the red flannel night cap!" I dropped my red flannel night cap and flew away.

"So ends the story of the Red Flannel Night-Cap."

(To be Continued.)

**Little Boy Land.**

Oh, Green are the meadows in Little Boy Land,  
And blue are the skies bending over,  
And gladden the butterlids flitting about  
To visit the pink and white clover,  
There are cool, running brooks where the  
like to stand,  
And milky-white lambskin in Little Boy Land.

Oh! Down at the Corner in Little Boy  
Land  
Is the prettiest shop full of candy,  
And a dear little woman to give it away—  
It's ever and ever so handy.  
There are chocolate creams which the  
boys say are "grand,"  
And nothing costs money in Little Boy  
Land.  
Oh! Strange as it seems, there are no  
chores to do,  
No errands to run for the mother,

And everything's free in Little Boy  
Land.  
Oh! They say they do nothing in Little  
Boy Land  
But play through the warm, sunny  
weather,  
And slide through the winter—Oh! Then

to slide down the long hills together.  
There's no school to go to—now, please  
understand,  
it's all play and laughter in Little Boy  
Land.

Oh! There's bicycles, tricycles, wagons  
and sleds,  
And donkeys and ponies by dozens;  
So each little fellow can ride if he will—  
Each one of the brothers and cousins,  
There's fun and there's frolic on every  
hand—  
Oh! Who wouldn't like it in Little Boy  
Land?

Oh! Who wouldn't long for this Little Boy  
Land  
Where there's fun going on every minute,  
And candy for nothing, and peanuts the  
same,  
And a good time with every one in it?  
Oh! Good-bye, with trails and hardships  
to stand,  
Let's journey together to Little Boy  
Land!

—Harriet F. Crocker, In Puck.

**How Do You Kn w**

There's a boy in the house?

The Indian war-dance, the toy-cannon's

"I rode along on my donkey, keep  
roar,  
That are heard, now and then, through  
the nursery door.  
By the engines and drums and the tool-  
chest and nails  
The steam-cars and tracks and the boats  
with trim sails;  
By the volumes of Cooper which from  
cover to cover  
Have been read and re-read by an Indian-  
lover.  
"But you must take care, if you value  
your head,  
When you go to the nursery," declares  
Triole. "I  
"When I open the door there's a scramble  
and shout;



The pretty little daughter of Mr. and

Mrs. Chas. M. Lee, of No. 1101 East Clay Street, Whose Name Stood Next to Miss Simmerman's in the Voting Contest for the Doll at the Confederate Fair.

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"We are going to pound the preacher, and you may go, too!"

"Mame," said Floyd, "may we go to Auntie's house after we are fru beating the preacher?"

A story told by Mr. Claude M. Dean

the little dinahen at Avo-  
gaden, Alum Springs, while enjourn-  
ing at famous resort during the early part  
of the summer of 1908, a few days after  
Pierre had been destroyed by an  
thquake.

During the early part of the summer  
of 1900, the Rockbridge Alum Springs  
Hotel (the site) was an unlimited number  
of unwholesome children. Their badness was  
of endurance, and their disobedience  
was the cause of much uneasiness and  
anxiety on the part of their parents.  
The result of their disobedience was a  
series of accidents, and the boy's death.  
A good mother losing her mind,  
a little boy having his leg bitten off,  
and the unknown absence of a certain  
father boy from his devoted parents for  
many years. It all came about in this  
way.

Robert Jones and James Walker, two  
boys about the age of twelve years, two  
devoted companions, had acquired the  
very bad habit of batting and throwing  
rocks on the lawn. Often the rocks would  
fall directly way to some one's head or  
feet. In spite of the fact that a certain  
father and mother had forbidden a continu-  
ance of dangerous sport, the boys continued  
to indulge in it.

Just at the foot of the beautiful lawn,

A black and white line drawing of a donkey standing in a field. The donkey is facing left, wearing a simple halter with a bell. It is standing next to a large, leafy tree. The ground is uneven with some rocks or clumps of grass. The style is simple and illustrative.

my eye open for some adventure."

Persons pass to the spring house. Almost under the bridge there is a very large hole, and the depth of which is unknown. These fish, of which I speak were found by their parents to play for an hour in this hole, because it is a very dangerous locality for them. The rapidity of the water is so great at that place that there is always risk of being washed into the hole. Once in the hole there would be little hopes of a rescue.

On a bright morning when the sun was shining brilliantly through the leaves of the trees, which are beautifully scattered over the lawn, a large number of guests could be seen walking about. Suddenly everybody stopped. It was the shrieks of James Walker. In a very few minutes a large crowd gathered to

When she struggled with might and main to get out, it was unable to do so, I soon realized it was going down. But where to? It did not seem wise to have her go down to have felt itself going down to unknown depths. Before proceeding further, I must tell you more about this hole in the creek. In the year 1896, when Charleston, South Carolina was still a part of the Confederate States, the Cambridge Alum Springs also had a large and unwelcome visitor something like a volcano. The hole is the very spot from which the volcano shot lava.

I am glad that we are told that if we dig down into the earth deep enough, we would come out into China. Well, the problem for the hole it made came out in China on the HongKong River.

This is an interlude to the Expeditions to the Great Wall and the Great Canal. The first expedition was by the Chinese ship, the Yeh Ching-shan, 14 June

Chang was a very wealthy Chinaman, a ruler of one of the provinces of the Chinese Empire. He had two little boys about eight and ten years old. The younger of them was Hop Chang, and the other was Skip Chang. These little boys were fond of fishing. But the river was deep and dangerous so Mrs. Chang, their mother forbade them to fish without one of the servants was with them. They did not fancy the company of a servant and one day they stole off by themselves to fish. They soon had their

ver, before Hops' cork indicated that he had a bite. He began to pull his line with all his might and main, but was unable to land his fish. Suddenly his cork came back and fell into the water. Skip, his brother immediately ran to his rescue, but arrived only in time to see him bobbed up by a big fish. Being partly the river himself, was unable to get out on the bank until the same fish had eaten one of his legs.

After Hops had been bobbed up and bit on of Skip's legs was the very fish that had been hooked in the deep hole at Rockbridge Alum Springs. After nine months in this hole he found his way into Hong Kong River in China. During his time had he had a chance to eat. The fact is that time was about the least long. For many months he had a very little to eat and consequently was very hungry. So when he saw Hops' cork on his hook he was not only determined to get it, but, to pull Hops and his cork down with him.

The night drew near and Hops' failure to return home, begun to create much uneasiness on the part of their parents. About 8 o'clock no Hops nor Skip came, so the servants were called together and informed of their boys' disappearance, and a search was directed for them. No efforts to find them were

kip's leg was too great for Miss. angs system, and she was thrown into convulsions. After a few days her illness she lost her mind entirely.

Dr. Chang, poor fellow secured the services of all the great physicians in the country to restore his wife. But their treatment was without effect. After about a month of anxiety and consideration to what to do, or where to take her, he decided to bring her to America. Upon their arrival in this country, he immediately went to Washington and met with the Chinese Minister in relation to the best place for the restoration of Mrs. Chang. Mr. Wu was on his way to Rockledge, Iowa Springs to take the vacation, an accident to the train and the place being the best, as the Minister pulled into a Virginia town called Staunton. To repair the engine necessitated a wait of some hours. During that time, the Minister took a stroll through the city and found, he found the place was attracted by a very large and commodious brick building. Upon inquiry he learned that it was the State asylum for the insane. On going into the building, he was surprised to find, he found the asylum a brick building. Upon informed of marvelous cures that had taken place there.

beginning of this story, I told you of Herrert Jones throwing a rock in disobedience to his mother's will. I recall to you my mind as I was walking with the same James Walker and counted his wrath. The same rock knocked a hole into the Rock Alum deep hole where he spent many months. The very day he came out of the hole, he came out on a Hong Kong River in China, where a little Chinese boy was fishing contrary to their mother's wishes gobbling up the same worm. The worm was not the same. The loss of the former and the maiming of the latter caused their mother to become insane. She came to America when the Chinese were at bay. She went to the Rock Alum and found her mind restored; afterwards she chose Rockbridge Alum Springs as a place to spend the summer.

Now, the fish which ate up this little Chinese boy, had grown to be very large and strong as you know. But he got

they found in the fish. Why of course, there was Skip's leg, just as it was when he was a baby. The conclusion that it had grown a little longer. It was so well preserved, Dr. Jones, said, that he had no trouble at all, and no difficulty in sewing it on. The leg now took new life, and Skip ever afterwards used it as if it had never been lost.

"Your children let this be a lesson to you. Never disobey your parents."

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### Fads and Novelties.

Miss Topsy Belmont, Mrs. Oliver H. P. Belmont's French bulldog, is wearing a red colored cloth blanket, bound with ribbons and silk of a lighter shade, and a small "milkmaid" ornament in each corner. Topsy's overcoat is fastened with two buttons across her chest, and is provided with a pocket, in which she carries her small cambric handkerchief, marked with her initials. She also

the dress with tiny white embroidery, ornamented with white embroidery. From it hangs a tiny silver bell. Topsy's order is also of red leather.

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### ***He Helped Himself.***

The teacher one day attempted to teach the pronoun "I" to a five-year-old. "When you wish a piece of bread you mustn't say to mama, 'Boy wants a piece of bread, do you?'"

"No, ma'am," replied the little fellow, "just go and help myself."

